

THE ANNUAL REUNION

Of the **Moore** Family in Lenawee County, By One of the Family.

(From the Adrian Telegram.)

One of the most enjoyable occasions of this season or any other was the Moore **reunion**, held at Robert and Anna Westgate's, near the Valley seminary, on the 25th of August, 1904. They began gathering as usual in the early morning, and ere midday the house and grounds contained between 50 and 60 happy souls, mostly relatives, with a few choice friends and neighbors. Among the guests was a cousin from Bath, N. Y., a sweet girl, whom to look at was to love, and who the writer addressed as Lucretia Mott, instead of Lucretia **Moore**, as she was reminded of that gentle spirit whom she met in Philadelphia nearly forty years ago. Houston **Moore**, wife and son, from Summerset, Kentucky, who met with us first three years ago, and any they can't stay away. Cousin Mary Elma Koukle of Ohio, thinks this will not be the last time she will enjoy our hospitality, and hopes to prevail on others of her family to be with us next year. Old Louisiana was also represented in the form of Mrs. Charles Widney, a sister of our beloved sister-in-law, Mrs. Oriante Westgate.

Of our own state we had representatives from Ionia, Battle Creek, Bellevue, Lacy, Pontiac, Ann Arbor, Bay City, Tecumseh, Raisin and Adrian.

The usual sumptuous repast was enjoyed under a canvas covering, amid flowers and flags, which, by the way, are worthy of mention. Each plate contained small flags on which were printed the following words: "Eighth annual reunion, held at Robert Westgate's, August 25, 1904;" also beside each plate smiled into our faces the pure pond lily, who all night long bathed its beauty in the lake, that it might, rise more fresh and bright when its beloved sun awakes. Soon after the repast we were called into the parlors to enjoy a well arranged program. Opened by a favorite chapter out of Uncle Jacob's well-worn Bible, read by his only living daughter, Hannah Haight, of Ionia, followed by a feeling prayer by May Moore of Kentucky, and "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," as uncle always sang it every year. A beautifully written poetic tribute to his memory by the president's stepmother, another by his own mother, etc., but we feel that all cannot be told.

One feature, however, we must mention. Last year it was voted to have a biography of some one of our grandparents' family read at each reunion, and by appointment the writer gave a short sketch of her father's life struggles (Samuel D. Moore), who

I went with Grandpa to the church,
Or meeting house close by;
For it was Sabbath morn I thought,
And meeting time was nigh.

Other friends were there to greet us,
William Kirkwood, among the rest;
Who gave to us the spirit message
With which he was impressed,

A message full of wisdom,
Received from the spirit above,
Filling our poor thirsty souls
From the fountain of God's love.

We sat in silence afterwards,
For a time in heavenly rest
When the meeting closed with a feeling
Of having been greatly blest.

I awake to find, as I often do,
Things are not what they seem;
That the story I have told in rhyme
Was nothing but a dream.

And what more can come of it,
But a vision of the night?
For all the dear ones in my dream
Have passed from mortal sight.

Composed between daylight and
dark, while yet under the spell.
By ELIZABETH C. **MOORE**